

Trees Trees Trees

...The...
Durant Nursery
Has Them

...See...
W. R. COLLINS
For Prices

Three men at Stigler drank lemon extract and died the next day. That twenty-one year prohibition clause will lead many a man to his grave yet.

An examiner from Washington is at Muskogee investigating the charges made by Clarence B. Douglas against Judge Raymond. It is a star chamber affair.

Rev. E. T. Higason, ex-pastor of the Baptist church at Wilburton has filed suit against Louis Rockett for \$10,000, alleging defamation of character. Rockett is clerk of the Baptist church at Wilburton. The suit was filed in the Federal court at South McAlester.

While skating on the ice at Dixon Durant's lake yesterday, Cliff Paulin fell against his brother's (Lewis) iron skates and out a gash to the bone and two inches long in his left leg. He was brought to town and sewed up. The wound while sore is not very painful.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to extend my heartfelt and most sincere thanks to the good people of Durant who were so good, thoughtful and attentive during the illness and death of my wife, Mrs. M. C. Horton. You could not have been more kinder and faithful, more considerate and neighborly, and words fail me to express my gratitude and thanks for your kindness. Rest assured that I shall long cherish a fond remembrance of you. Again allow me to thank you, and again.

Yours, sincerely,
Dr. W. A. Horton.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures the cough caused by attack of la grippe. It heals the lungs. For sale by O. L. Shannon.

BAD EGGS

They are not wanted at any price, and it should be the same with bad perfumes, toilet preparations and soaps. In this day and time it always pays to get the best of everything—the best is the cheapest. That's why we speak to you about the excellent and superior line of perfumes, toilet preparations and soaps we are now selling. You need them and need them every day. Then why not get the best—the best is none too good for our customers.

CORNER
Drug Store.

Phone 85.

MAY CUT IT OUT

Senate May Agree to Leave Out New Mexico and Admit Oklahoma and Indian Ter.

STATEHOOD MAY COME YET

Members of the Senate Endeavor to Reach an Agreement with House Members on the Bill.

Washington, Feb. 15.—Conferences among the members of the senate have been in progress looking to an agreement to accept the decision of the House of the statehood bill if that body should determine upon amending it to admit only Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State and eliminate all that part which relates to New Mexico.

The close vote in the senate over the proposition to admit Arizona and New Mexico as one State seems to preclude the possibility of an agreement in regard to these Territories. At the time the demand for the admission of Oklahoma and Indian Territory has been so great that there is a disposition to come to an agreement that would save that portion of the bill.

A BLACK KING

(Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McCreary.)
While the crew of twelve men of the trading brig Wanderer went ashore one night in August, 18—, to have a feast with King John, who ruled over seven islands of the Paumotu group, south Pacific, I was left alone aboard to keep anchor watch.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening when the men pulled ashore in the yawl, and the shouting and laughing and the bonfires were evidences that the entertainment began almost at once. It had just grown fully dark when King John and about fifty of his subjects came alongside in their canoes and clambered on board. Before I could ask any questions I was knocked down and had my feet and ankles securely tied. None of them deigned to explain what was going on, but in a few minutes I picked up sufficient to satisfy me that the men ashore had been overpowered and that King John proposed to get the brig up the river, which emptied into the bay just there. There was water enough to float her, but our captain had preferred an outside anchorage for obvious reasons. King John played fair with the traders only when there was no opportunity for treachery.

The tide was running out rather strong, but in their hurry to get possession the natives either overlooked the fact or thought they were strong enough to overcome it. A long two inch rope, which they had either bought or stolen from some craft, was made fast to the brig's bows, and the canoes took the free end; then they began work at the iron cable; but, not knowing how to unshackle it, they presently grew impatient, and King John ordered me cast loose to do the work. I got a hammer and drove out the shackle pin.

The canoes were almost in line under the cable, and, as it was unshackled almost at the windlass and when out of the hawser hole as if pulled by a steam engine, five or six canoes were upset and a score of natives more or less hurt. As their tow rope straightened out there was a grand yell for the canoes to go ahead, but the brig started down the bay stern first and pulled the lot of them after her. I sneaked aft and put the wheel over and lashed it, and five minutes later the brig swung around until her bows pointed down the bay.

The natives were all there or less under the influence of the keg of rum which went ashore with the crew, and when the brig started off with them they became at first hilarious and then panic stricken. Pretty soon they all scrambled aboard and began to weep and howl like a lot of children. A ship was a mysterious thing to them, and that one should run away with them without having sail set was something to mystify them still further. They could have escaped to the shore in their canoes, but they did not want to abandon their prize. King John caught sight of me and threatened me with instant death if I did not take the brig back to her anchorage. I told him that only the captain could do this, and, though knives and clubs were flourishing, they finally decided to spare my life.

An offshore breeze helped us down the bay, and in half an hour we were at sea. It was a quiet night, but there was a big ground swell rolling in from

some storm at sea, and the brig hadn't played seesaw very long before there was a terribly sick crowd aboard. She heaved and rolled with just the motion to make a landman's stomach try to run away from him. It struck me that I must keep the advantage that circumstance had placed in my hands. If our men had not been murdered out of hand, there might be a way to save them.

It occurred to me that my first move should be to hunt for rum. We had plenty of it aboard, as I found in overhauling the lazarette, and I broke out a keg and rolled it on deck. Every native welcomed it with a yell and could not get at its contents fast enough. In half an hour I saw that the whole crowd would keep it up until dead drunk, and I quietly withdrew and began to hunt up rope. At the end of an hour the last of the natives had flopped down on deck, and then I spent a full hour tying the wretched lot hand and foot. It was 10 o'clock at night ere I had finished, and I then went down to the captain's cabin and turned in and slept through the balance of the night, knowing that the brig was all right and that none of my prisoners could release themselves even if they sobered off. I slept like a top until an hour after daylight, when the first of the natives sobered up and began yelling. It wasn't ten minutes before the whole crowd was howling away.

I got such sail on the brig as I could handle and stood back for the bay and the island and two hours later got sight of our whole crew coming out in a canoe to meet me. They had been made prisoners and were to be killed, but when it was known that I had run off with King John and his cabinet the natives ashore became afraid and released the sailors.

To say that captain and crew were pleased when they got aboard and saw how things stood is drawing it mild. Everybody got a rope's end and sailed in on the crowd of blacks, and each and every one was basted until he howled for mercy ten times over. Then King John was given an alternative. It was either to load us with two tons of copra, barks, roots and sandalwood within three days or be carried off to Singapore, and he did not hesitate two minutes in making a choice. The freight was forthcoming, and he waved us adieu, and it was years after that before he dared to indulge in hostile action against another trader.

M. QUAD.

NO REGULAR ROMEO.

Hoch Says All His Marriages Were Business Propositions.

Chicago, Feb. 15.—Discussing his matrimonial alliances, Johann Hoch said each was a business proposition. He says he is not a regular Romeo. "I have no love for women. When I found they had money I went after them. I advertised for women over forty-five years old. I found they were easier to separate from their money. Flattery was my chief stock. You can win a woman quicker that way than any other."

LOOKED FOR CLERK.

Custodian of a Ballot Box That Was Wanted by Democrats.

Denver, Feb. 15.—Deputies from the sheriff's office and detectives from police headquarters searched the city for Juan de Dios Montes, county clerk of Huerafano county, who while in the custody of the sergeant at arms of the legislative committee investigating the gubernatorial contest escaped from a Rio Grande train and disappeared in the darkness Monday night. Sergeant at Arms Valencourt, acting under instructions of Chairman Griffith of the committee, was returning to Walsenburg with Montes for the purpose of compelling him to produce before the committee the ballot box of precinct 33 of Huerafano county, where the Democrats charge astounding frauds in the interest of the Peabody committee.

Punsters' Paradise

(Original.)

Whatever induced my parents to saddle me with the name under which I have staggered through life I am at a loss to know. The surname Prettyman is enough in itself for one person to bear, but when prefixed by Dawes Deering—the name of my mother's brother—it is next to unbearable. However, I can say what few can say—my name has been the rudder which has steered my life's bark.

What at first called my attention to the locubus under which I was destined to stagger were the puns I endured in childhood. I was told at least once a week that if I made as pretty a man as boy I would be an Adonis. When I came to an age to be an object of interest to young girls punning on my name burst into a flame. In one year, having made a note of the different puns thrown at me, I counted twenty of "There's a dear ring to it;" twenty-four, "It's a very endearing name;" eighteen, "I'll wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at," while the different puns on Prettyman numbered fifty-six.

It was this part of my name that decided my career. From my youth I realized that I could not afford to embrace an ordinary, especially an effeminate, career. For instance, it would never do for me to stand behind a counter and sell ribbons to ladies. I was trying to think of some occupation especially manly when the Spanish-American war broke out. Here was my opportunity. I enlisted and went with my regiment to Santiago.

After the first fight I was made a corporal, but was at once reduced to the ranks to enable the captain to pun on my name. "He'd make a pretty man for a corporal," he said sardonically. "Nominate some one else." But in the next fight all the "non coms" were killed off, and I was again put forward. This time my name saved me. The captain had been killed, and the first lieutenant (promoted) recommended me for lieutenant in order to get a pun off to the colonel.

"Whom would you recommend?" asked that officer.

"I think I know a pretty good man, colonel," replied the captain.

"Well, who is it?"

"Dawes Deering Prettyman," replied the captain, looking very knowing.

In a few minutes the colonel saw the point, burst into a laugh and said: "By Jove, but you're bright! I'll see that he is appointed."

One night I was sent for to report in person to the colonel. He told me that the general had asked him to recommend the best man in his regiment for an important daring service. He had decided on me, and I knew that it was to enable him to get the captain's pun off on the general. He sent me to brigade headquarters with a note. When the general read it, he burst into a laugh.

"Well, Mr. Prettyman," he said, "the colonel says that you may not be his best man, but you're a pretty man, and he thinks you'll make a pretty good man. Bright man, your colonel."

I made no reply—aloud, but ground my teeth and said inwardly, "I'll do something to stop this business or die."

The same night I went into the enemy's lines, found a path by which we might get to the base of a fortified hill we wanted and returned to the general with my report.

"General," I said, "as a reward for my service, which is without the line of duty—that is, voluntary—I claim the right to command the force of which I must be the guide to the rear of the hill."

He thought a moment, then his face lighted up. Seizing a pen, he wrote a note to the general commanding, stating my claim, my reasons, and recommending me cordially, ending with the words, "He's the prettiest man in the regiment for the work." After reading

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his note over three times, chuckling every time, he handed it to me and told me to take it to the general in chief. The general in chief was too intent on the work to be done to remark upon the pun, and I congratulated myself that this time I would escape. I was doomed to disappointment.

At 2 o'clock in the morning I led a battalion around by the path I had discovered, attacked the hill in rear—an attack in their front being made at the sound of my guns—and carried the fort. I was commended in orders by the commander in chief, who ended his commendation as follows:

Lieutenant Prettyman is not only Prettyman, but a pretty brave man, and has done a pretty good work for his country.

By this time I had got ahead of my name, or, rather, that desire to be considered witty which overpowered my superior, and was rapidly promoted from one grade to another. When we returned to the United States I commanded my regiment.

But all the sufferings from my peculiar name I endured in Cuba were destined to be atoned for in one sweeping revenge. The general who had recommended me as fitted to command the attack on the fort we captured upon reaching home, in order to get off his favorite pun, insisted on introducing me to his family. He did so, flourishing the pun with great gusto. His daughter took it into her head to fall in love with me, and in time I got even with her father by giving her the name of Mrs. Dawes Deering Prettyman.

Taking the name into his family nearly broke the old general's heart. And now that my son is coming on his grandfather would rather hear a shrieking shell than some wit say to the boy, "If you make as pretty a man."

The punster never gets any further. The general's roars are more terrifying than his guns were at Santiago.

Fire..

No, not yet, but it may come—it always comes when least expected. People who are in business or own their own homes should by all means get protection and get it now. Regrets for negligence will not bring back your property after it has been destroyed.

Insure Today

It costs no more to insure in the old line companies that pay their losses promptly. It costs but little at all to insure when you consider that you may go up in smoke without protection any time. Nothing but the best companies are represented.

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The News \$1

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Burton Richards was in the city today from Bennington.

Henry Cooper, of Stigler, was here today on business.

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